

THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

OLD SERIES. }
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THE SEVEN WONDERS OF THE WORLD.

1. *The Pyramids of Egypt* are reckoned as the first of the seven wonders of the world. They stand near the river Nile, between the twenty-ninth and thirtieth parallels of north latitude. The Great Pyramid, built about eleven hundred years before the birth of Christ, is 480 feet in height, 764 feet square at the base, and 32 feet square at the top. Within is a sepulchral chamber, the tomb of Cecrops, King of Egypt, 46 feet long, 27 feet wide, 11 feet 6 inches high. There are two other chambers of the same kind, though smaller in size, within this enormous pile.

2. *The Tomb of Mausolus*, King of Caria, in the southern part of Asia Minor. It was erected by Artemisia, the wife of Mausolus, about 350 B.C., and called a "mausoleum," in memory of her husband. It was 146 feet long, 100 feet wide, and 140 feet high.

3. *The Temple of Diana at Ephesus*, begun about 350 B.C., but not completed until two hundred years later. It was the largest Greek temple ever constructed, being 425 feet in length and 220 in width. It was surrounded by one hundred and twenty-seven marble columns, each 60 feet high. Thirty-six of these were elaborately carved. The staircase to the roof was made of the wood of a single vine from Cyprus. The temple contained not only the statue of the Ephesian goddess, Diana, but paintings and statuary by some of the most renowned artists of antiquity, and an apartment behind the altar, in which the treasures of kings and others were kept for safety; the veneration for the place being so great and wide-spread that none would enter it to steal.

4. *The Walls and Hanging Gardens of Babylon*. The city of Babylon lay on both sides of the river Euphrates, and formed a square ten and one-half miles on each side. It was enclosed by walls 300 feet high and 75 feet thick, having two hundred and fifty towers 430 feet high, and one hundred brazen gates. Some authorities, however, reckon the dimensions of the city and its walls considerably less. The hanging gardens are described as having been of a square form, and in terraces, one above another, until they rose as high as the walls of the city; the ascent being from terrace to terrace, by steps. The whole pile was supported by vast arches, raised on other arches, and on the top were flat stones closely cemented together with plaster of bitumen, and that covered with sheets of lead, upon which lay the mould of the garden, where there were a great variety of trees, shrubs, flowers, and vegetables. There were five of these gardens, each containing about four acres.

5. *The Colossus of Rhodes*, a brass statue of Apollo, 105 feet high, erected 290 B.C. It stood astride the narrowest part of the harbor of Rhodes, and so high that a vessel could pass beneath it in full sail. It was thrown down by an earthquake 224, B.C. and lay in ruins for nine centuries; when the Saracens, having taken Rhodes, pulled the Colossus to pieces, and sold the metal, weighing 720,000 pounds, to a Jew, who carried it to Alexandria.

6. *The Colossal Statue of Jupiter Olympus*, executed by Phidias, the most renowned sculptor of Greece. It was at Olympia, the seat of the Olympic Games, and represented Jupiter, king of the gods, as seated on a throne of cedar wood, adorned with gold, ivory, ebony, and precious stones.

7. *The Pharos or Watch-tower*, built by Ptolemy Philadelphus of Alexandria, about 280 B.C. It was of white marble, and cost not less than \$2,000,000. On the top, fires were kept constantly burning to direct sailors in the bay. There was this inscription upon it: "King Ptolemy to the Gods, the Saviours, for the benefit of Sailors;" but Sostratus, the architect, wishing to claim all the glory, engraved his own name upon the stone, and afterwards filled the hollows with mortar, and wrote the above inscription. When the mortar decayed, Ptolemy's name disappeared, and the following inscription became visible: "Sostratus, the Cnidian, son of Dexiphanes, to the Gods, the Saviours, for the benefit of Sailors."

THE BAREFOOT BOY.

BLESSINGS on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy with cheeks of tan;
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still,
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;
From my heart I give thee joy,
I was once a barefoot boy.

Prince thou art;— the grown-up man
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollared ride!
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy,
In the reach of ear and eye,—
Outward sunshine, inward joy,
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

Whittier.

ARCHIMEDES said, "Give me a standing-place, and I will move the world."
Goethe said, "Make good thy standing-place, and move the world."

For The Dayspring.

SAM'S AUNT.

BY LUCRETIA P. HALE.

CHAPTER I.

OUR boys set out to go a blackberrying; and, what was singular about it, none of them wanted to go. They said they did not want to go; but the youngest, Sol Jenkins, did really want to, because he had never been before, and he hardly knew how blackberries looked. He had eaten them once in a pie, he believed; but they might have been whortle-berries, so that he was not sure.

But all the other boys said they did not want to go; so Sol felt, as he was their guest, it would not be polite for him not to say so too. Some of the boys had been eating whortle-berry pie for luncheon, as you could easily suppose from looking at their faces, as there were some singular streaks of dark blue to be seen about their mouths. Perhaps that was one reason none of the boys wanted to go for blackberries, because they had been having this hearty luncheon. Anyhow here was the trouble; for they had a stern aunt who insisted upon their going. They must go out and pick some blackberries for supper; their father would come home much exhausted with working in the fields all day, and the least they could do would be to pick him some berries to have with his milk at night.

Sam thought it would be a great deal easier to pick some whortle-berries that grew on the hill by the side of the house, and John wanted to finish a net he was making, and Dick could not find his shoes. These were the reasons they gave to their aunt when she wanted them to go. But

she said they had plenty of whortle-berries, that there was no hurry about the net, and that Dick could wear his india-rubber boots ; so they all set out, looking a little cross and grim, each of the boys with two or three baskets on his arm. Sol grew quite exhilarated as they went out of the yard ; now he should really know the fun of going a-berrying, and have the pleasure of eating fresh blackberries. He almost agreed with Sam that they might as well stop and pick the whortle-berries on the hill. Still it would be greater fun, after all, to go out in the boat ; for they were to row across the pond on the way for the black-berries.

Sol had only come to the house the day before. It was almost his first experience in the country ; and he had arrived in a rain, and it had poured all day. So, when the sun came out, he was glad enough to have some excuse for a tramp across the fields ; therefore he could not help turning head over heels, after they had climbed the fence opposite the house, and he tossed his feet in the air. This interrupted Sam, who was abusing his aunt, and Dick who was complaining that he hated to wear india-rubber boots. John could not resist showing that he could turn himself over as fast as Sol ; and so all four went rolling down the hill towards the boat.

The boys had been inclined to laugh at Sol, when they found he did not know how blackberries looked ; but, when they saw he rowed better than any of the rest of them, they stopped jeering at him.

When they reached the other side, there was quite a discussion as to where they should go. Sam thought he should stop at the stone fence close by, where there was a tangle of blackberry bushes. You could sit on the fence, and pick the berries leisurely, without trouble, and you would

not have to walk far. John thought there were lots more berries on Brown's Hill, and you could pick them twice as quick. Sol was for joining John's party. It was just going through the woods, and plenty of whortle-berries all the way along ; and Dick followed after with his big boots.

So Sam went all alone to his stone wall, and lazily climbed on it, till he found a comfortable little nook between the stones, where he could lean his head back, while a branch of the blackberry vine trailed along within his reach. He held his basket under the berries, and, resting against the stones, he found he could pick them in a most comfortable manner. But soon his eyes closed, and, before he knew it, he was asleep ; and then he had a dream.

In his dream his aunt came to him. Now, this is not to be wondered at ; for he had really been abusing his aunt, after he had left the door of the house. He said it was just the way of grown-up people : they had an idea a boy had nothing else to do but go a blackberrying. How would she like it, in the middle of the morning, just as she was enjoying herself, to be summoned out to pick berries, and have the blood run into your head every time you stooped ? He would like to have her try it for once, and see if it amused her. Perhaps she would like to have the blackberry bushes scratch her ; perhaps she did not know how many blackberries it took to fill a basket, especially if you are not allowed to put in any red ones.

Sol had been a little shocked at this sort of talk, and perhaps Sam had not been sorry that Sol's going head over heels in the grass had stopped it. So it is no wonder that in his dream his aunt came to him. Oh, how thin and pale and tired she looked ! Not more tired, indeed, than she had looked that very morning, when she

had asked him to pick the blackberries. He had not noticed it then; but in his dream he saw it all plainly.

"Sam," she said, in the dream, "what would happen to you, if I refused every day, as you have refused me, to do for you the things I am always doing for you?"

His aunt never talked in this way really; so he knew it must be a dream. And, of course, it must be a dream for an aunt to stand in the midst of a blackberry bush.

"Suppose," went on the aunt in the dream, — "suppose I should stop doing all the things I do for you every day?"

Sam thought directly of the truth. His aunt made all the butter that was eaten in the house. She had been churning that very morning. It was the best butter, too, he knew, that was made in all that neighborhood. Sol Jenkins had said the night before, at supper, that he had never eaten such butter in Boston. Well, she had not only made the butter; but, the last two evenings, she had milked the cows, because one of the men was sick with rheumatic fever. Indeed, he was not sure but his aunt had sat up part of the night with the sick man, and that was one of the reasons she looked so pale and tired. He did know that she had some broth on the fire for Jotham.

In his dream, his aunt still looked at him.

"Any thing else," she said, "besides the butter?" There were the griddle-cakes for the morning's breakfast. Sam had hoped they should have some, on Sol's account; but he had been very doubtful, because his aunt was so busy in Jotham's room.

They did have griddle-cakes for breakfast, and maple syrup on them. He remembered how his aunt went down into the cellar to get the syrup.

"Any thing else, Sam?" said his aunt in the dream.

Sam looked down at his knee. He was lying on his back, with his knees bent up in front of him. There, in the knee of his trousers, was a beautiful patch, — he was really proud of that patch, — and he knew his aunt sat up late the night before to put it in. If she had not, he would have been obliged to go about with a hole at his knee, like Tom Larkin.

"Any thing else, Sam?" said his aunt in the dream.

Then he was forced to remember that he had eaten, at breakfast, a great deal of bread, besides the griddle-cakes; and that his aunt had set the bread to rise the night before, and had taken the rolls out of the oven that very morning. And, oh, there were so many other things! She had cleared up the table after breakfast, and carried the corn out to the hens, and had given the pigs the scrapings of the table; while he was lounging in the corner, showing Sol some new fish-hooks.

He spoke of all these things.

"Any thing else, Sam?" said the inexorable aunt in the dream.

Then he remembered the little whortleberry pies they had for luncheon, — a separate one for each of the boys, — that she had made for them in the midst of all her work.

"Would you prefer to have done all this?" said his aunt in the dream. "You said you would like to have me try your work for once. Well, to-morrow morning I will take you at your word. I will take the work you do, and you shall take mine; such as I did yesterday."

Sam gave an exclamation of despair. He remembered that, for the last day or two, his aunt had been doing not only her work, but much of his. Under the plea

that he must entertain Sol the day before, he had neglected much of his own work ; and his aunt had done it for him, without a single word of reproach to him.

He remembered how, that very morning, he had found his aunt sweeping up some shavings and other litter he and Sol had left the day before, at the end of an entry. He remembered she had gone to bed late last night, and was up before he was the next morning.

" Oh ! I had rather not," he exclaimed.

" We had better not put it off," said his aunt ; " in a dream we can have to-morrow morning, right away. We need not wait ; we will begin directly. I promised Hiram I would take his place at Jotham's bedside at half-past three, as he was to watch all night."

" Oh, please let me wake up !" said Sam, writhing on the stones. " Oh ! I am sure if to-morrow morning comes, it will wake me up, and put an end to the dream."

And sure enough it did. He opened his eyes in his agony, and found the sun shining down full upon him, while a breeze flung a branch of blackberry vine across his face, that scratched his nose and cheeks. He rubbed his eyes, and started up. Then he had waked up from his dream ! Where was his aunt ? She was not in the blackberry bushes. No, she was at home getting the dinner for the family ; and making no complaint, as his aunt in the dream did.

Oh, how thankful he was that she did not really talk to him in that way ! He determined he would get her every blackberry he could find. He was almost ashamed to find how quickly he filled both his baskets. He had made such a pother about doing it ; and, after all, there was so little trouble about it. He ran down to the boat for a larger basket he had left

there, and he filled that too. Very likely those lazy boys would not get a berry : they would spend the time feeding themselves with whortle-berries. At any rate, he would have plenty to carry back ; so that she need not look at him with eyes of reproach, as his aunt did in his dream.

He was just carrying his last basketful to the boat, when he heard voices, and saw the rest of the boys were coming back over the brow of the hill.

[*To be continued.*]

THREE DESTINIES.

THREE roses nod and talk
Across a garden walk ;
One, lifting up her head,
Clad all in damask red,
Cries gayly, in her pride,
" To-night, full far and wide,
My beauty shall be seen,
Adorning Beauty's queen."

" And I," the blush-rose cries,
" Shall be the envied prize
A lover shall convey,
Before the end of day,
Unto a maiden fair,
And she will kiss and wear
My blushes in her breast ;
There I shall sleep and rest."

" And I," the white rose sighs,
" Before the sunshine dies,
I shall lie hid from sight
Within a grave's dark night ;
But not in vain my bloom,
If I have cheered the gloom,
Or helped to soothe and bless
A mourner's loneliness."

Harper's Bazaar.

Look not mournfully into the past : it comes not back again. Wisely improve the present : it is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear and with a manly heart.

THE ORPHAN BIRDLINGS.

*Translated from the French, for "The Dayspring,"
by L. L. B.*

ONE day, a bird left her nest, in search of food for her little ones. A naughty boy, who had taken his father's gun from its hiding-place, saw the bird. He raised his gun, and fired. The poor little thing fell to the ground quite dead. The boy picked it up, with a shout of joy; then carried it home to Tower, his dog, who ate it for his supper. Ah! why did the naughty boy kill this poor little bird? She had never done him any harm; and her little ones at home needed her so sadly! They could not think why their mamma stayed so long away, but cried and called to her until they were hoarse. At night, there was no mamma to cover them with her wings; so the poor little ones trembled with fear and cold. There were five birdies in the nest. Two of them died in the night, of hunger and cold; the others lived till the next day. In the morning, two of them, in perching upon the edge of the nest to look for their mamma, lost their balance, fell to the ground, and bruised their little wings. They could not move from the place where they had fallen: they were too young to hop or fly. Presently, a great cat passed that

way. She saw them, and put an end to their sorrows by eating them up. The little one in the nest lived all day. She shivered with cold, and cried for her mamma, and for something to eat. She cried as long as her strength held out, and hoped that her mamma would hear her; but at last, all faint and weary, she lay down by the side of her dead brothers. The night was very stormy: the rain fell fast, and the wind whistled through the trees. The little bird lived through the dreadful storm; but, in the morning, when the sun shone and woke up all the dwellers of the wood, the little one was dead. Such is the story of five little birds, who died sad deaths, because a naughty boy killed their mother.

SMALL MATTERS. — The nerve of a tooth, not so large as the finest cambric needle, will sometimes drive a strong man to distraction. A mosquito can make an elephant absolutely mad: The warrior that withstood death in a thousand forms may be killed by an insect. The deepest wretchedness often results from petty trials. A chance look from those we love often produces exquisite pain or unalloyed pleasure.

It is a less pain to learn in youth than to be ignorant in age.

As a candle wasteth itself to give light unto others, even so a good Christian ought to spend his life for the benefit of others.

A GOOD WAY TO STUDY THE LESSON.

A GIRL nine years of age has adopted an excellent way of studying her Sabbath-school lesson.

She first commits the passage for the lesson carefully to memory. Then she studies the questions, consults the references that are given for answers, and from them makes out, in her own language, what she supposes to be the correct answers, and writes them in a little book. When she has studied the lesson in this way, she shows her answers to her father, who aids her in correcting them, if they need it. She then goes over the lesson again, and commits all her answers to memory.

There are many advantages in this mode of studying. In the first place, it insures a thorough preparation of the lesson. It is very seldom that this young girl is unprepared to answer any of the questions of her teacher. Again, it is well adapted to secure a correct understanding of the lesson. Another advantage is the mental discipline it affords. No one who has not tried the experiment can be aware of the exercise it will give to all the faculties of the mind. The attention, the judgment, the memory, the whole mind, must be closely fixed on the subject in order to obtain an answer that one would be willing to write down in a book.

We have been much interested in examining this young scholar's little book of answers. Every page showed improvement in writing, and in the language in which the answers were expressed. We commend this mode of studying the Sabbath-school lesson to all our readers. They can hardly engage in an exercise more improving to their minds, or in a mode of study better adapted to interest them in their lessons. — *The Well-Spring.*

LAPLANDER BABIES.

I WANT to tell you how the mammas away up in Lapland keep their babies from disturbing the minister on Sundays.

Poor babies! I suppose it is growing bad style everywhere to take them out to church. And I suppose, too, the ministers are privately as thankful as they can be. But the Lapp mammas don't stay at home with theirs. The Lapps are a very religious people. They go immense distances to hear their pastors. Every missionary is sure of a large audience, and an attentive one. He can hear a pin drop; that is, should he choose to drop one himself: his congregation wouldn't make so much noise as that upon any consideration. All the babies are outside, buried in the snow. As soon as the family arrives at the little wooden church, and the reindeer is secured, the papa Lapp shovels a snug little bed in the snow, and mamma Lapp wraps baby snugly in skins, and deposits it therein. Then papa piles the snow around it, and the dog is left to guard it, while the parents go decorously into church. Often twenty or thirty babies lie out there in the snow around the church; and I never have heard of one that suffocated or froze. Smoke-dried little creatures, I suppose they are tough.

But how would our soft, tender, pretty, pink-and-white babies like it, do you think? — *Wide Awake.*

A LITTLE boy, upon asking his mother how many gods there were, was instantly answered by his younger brother, "Why, one, to be sure." "But how do you know that?" inquired the other. "Because," he replied, "God fills every place; so there is no room for any more."



For The Dayspring.

BILLY DUNCAN'S COUNTRY WEEK.

BY REV. NATHANIEL SEAVER, JR.



LYMAN JAMES had given a good share of the contribution which his Sunday School voted to Mr. Baldwin towards sending poor children out from the great city on a country week; but, when he heard that some of the children were coming to Montrose, he felt he must do something more; the only question was how to do it. He was now too old to be a playmate for those who might come, even if he had not intended to spend a part of his vacation in Vermont, but perhaps he might study out a plan for their amusement. The result of his study was a kite,—none of your thin, newspaper affairs, with clumsy sticks, fastened with cheap bundle-string, and with strips of old rags for a tail, finished out with a bunch of grass; none of your kites which have a way of squirming about in the air and ending in disaster on a tree or a telegraph wire the very day they are made,—but a large, substantial kite, made of cloth, with hard-wood sticks, braced and bordered with fine wire, and with a long paper tail ending in a bob that would answer for a soldier's plume.

"There," said he, as he tied the end of a ball of fine, tough, linen twine to the loops; "that ought to be strong enough to stand the hard knocks even of a country week."

When we get started in doing good, we do not always know where to stop. It was so with Lyman. His next thought was to bring down from the garret a ship that had been out of use for a long time, and put it in repair. He tacked on a new leaden keel which would right the craft even if thrown on her beam-ends by a squall; he fastened

twelve Rodman guns to the deck and manned them with soldiers commanded by a fierce captain with a tin sword; he patched up the sails, nailed an American flag to the mast, and finished by giving the vessel a new coat of paint, with the name *America* in brilliant red letters on stern and bow.

Meanwhile the guests were got ready for their trip by good city friends. Billy Duncan, a newsboy of whom some of you may have heard, had been recommended by officer Thatcher, who had grown to be a great friend of his since a certain stormy Christmas Eve. The officer had a son who was older than Billy, and so it came about that the newsboy made his appearance in a cast-off suit of Charley Thatcher's clothes on New Year's Day, and gave away the old overcoat which had earned him the nickname of "Coatsey." Then the boys gave him the title, "Earl of Derby;" but even that did not last long, for Billy soon got into a habit of washing his face and combing his hair, which increased the number of his regular customers; then he took the advice of officer Thatcher, and moved from the Barracoons to a newsboys' lodging-house, where he was persuaded to open an account in the Five Cent Savings Bank. This prosperity was no sooner discovered by his companions than they again changed his name to "Vanderbilt."

As Billy happened to be the only boy sent to Montrose, the kite and ship both fell into his hands. Lyman brought them down the day after his arrival, and lent them to him with careful instructions. He was only to fly the kite in a good breeze, in open places; and, if he sailed the ship on the sea-shore, he was to fasten the kite-twine to her bows, so that she could not go out to sea.

Billy was in ecstasies, and made all necessary promises, and Lyman departed for Vermont, prepared to enjoy his own vacation tenfold, because he had added to the happiness of another.

If Billy had not behaved extra well he could have kept his promises to the letter, for at the end of his week not a single accident had happened to his precious play-things: but his good behavior caused his visit to be made one week longer, and, on the very last day of that week, he came to grief. He had gone down to Conant's Point with a party of lads, on a clam-bake, and the kite and ship had added much to the day's sport. After the tide came in a fresh west wind sprung up, and the kite stood out far over the water; but, in an unlucky moment, Billy listened to the advice of Tommy Lardner, a boy older than himself, who insisted that the loops needed fixing.

"Have you tied her real tight?" asked Billy, who felt that it was dangerous to make any change in a thing that was already good enough.

"Oh, yes!" was the hasty answer; "and now you'll see her go."

Go she did, but not so well as before. To help matters, Tommy gave two or three smart jerks at the twine, which "made her go" away from the twine, and, after a few wild sweeps, plunge into the sea. The best swimmer in the company could not have saved her; and Billy sat down on the shore and tried in vain to keep back his tears. A year before this, he would have whipped off his jacket, and fought the boy who had brought him this trouble; but now he kept his bad feelings down, while the other lads collected near him and offered their sympathy, promising to explain the mishap to Lyman when he should return.

The next experiment proposed was, that all of the twine should now be fastened to the *America*, in order that she might make a long voyage.

"All right," said Billy; "but don't let's have any more booby knots."

He examined the knots close to the ship, but did not know that Tommy Lardner's clumsy fingers had cut and spliced the twine in another place.

"Let's take the Cap'n and lash him to the riggin', like old What-ye-call-him," said Billy, who was getting back his good spirits.

"Admiral Farragut," said an older boy.

"Yes, like Admiral Farragut; and we'll send him out agin the rebels."

The *America* made fine progress, for wind and tide both favored her; but, alas! just at the beginning of her homeward voyage, somebody's impatience or a gust of wind loosened booby knot number two. She wavered for a moment, turned on her keel, and then, true to wind and helm, started off on a privateering cruise towards Europe. Now Billy's coat came off, — not for a fight, however. In a few seconds he had plunged into the water, and was swimming in pursuit of the ship. All in vain! He was a good swimmer, but she gained on him rapidly; and at last his own failing strength and the warning cries of the boys caused him to turn back in despair to the shore, with his strength quite gone and his heart almost broken.

As soon as Billy was safe on land, some of the larger boys ran down the beach and tried to borrow a boat of Witham, the fisherman, who lived two miles away; but a good deal of time had now passed, and the little frigate was no longer in sight. The sun had set, and the wind was blowing so freshly off shore that the fisherman

told them at once that pursuit would be both hopeless and dangerous.

Billy turned in silence towards the home where he had spent two happy weeks,—the only real home he had ever known. The other boys said and did many kind things, but he refused to be comforted; nor did he even smile again until he had learned that Lyman had arrived home. Then he went, man-fashion, and told his story (which Lyman had already heard from another lad), and was amazed to find that he made light of both losses.

Concerning the good effects which the two country weeks had upon Billy, and the ways in which he tried to show his gratitude, I cannot now write; but you may believe he had many a dream in which the kite, the ocean, and the good ship *America* took part. For many of boyhood's years he used to sit and think of the bold privateer, with Admiral Farragut lashed to the foremast, going forth on her solitary way to conquer foreign lands.

Did she ever reach the shores of Europe? Did a bottle-nosed shark mistake her for a new kind of fish, and crush her to splinters in his jaws? Was she swamped in a cyclone? Did the Gulf Stream carry her North until an east wind could waft her as a prize to some Esquimaux, spearing walrus on the coast of Greenland? Did she appear boldly, with all canvas spread and flag flying, in some European harbor, and draw the fire of the forts by her warlike and threatening appearance? All this cannot now be told; but I will answer for it that you should both study to make others happy, and look well to your knots.

Those who come to you to talk about others are the ones who go to others to talk about you.

HUMOROUS.

A LITTLE Bridgeport boy who lost three fingers in a drop-press only remarked: "I'll bet mother will cry when she sees that."

They tell of a young orator in Indiana who broke the ice so successfully in his maiden speech, that he was drowned with applause.

Sidney Smith said to a friend of his who never agreed with anybody, as he was about to embark for New Zealand, "Good-by, my dear fellow. I hope you won't disagree with the New Zealander who eats you."

At a public contest lately held, the following was the prize conundrum: What is the difference between a tenant and the son of a widow? The tenant has to pay rents; but the son of a widow has not two parents.

A very little boy went to the blacksmith's shop to see his father's horse shod. He watched the blacksmith very closely. When the smith began to cut down the hoof of the horse, the little boy thought that this was wrong: so he said very earnestly, "My father don't want his horse made any smaller." He did not know that paring the horse's hoof was like cutting a little boy's nails.

"Wordsworth," said Charles Lamb, "one day told me he considered Shakespeare greatly overrated. 'There is an immensity of trick in all Shakespeare wrote,' he said, 'and people are taken by it. Now, if I had a mind, I could write exactly like Shakespeare.' So you see," proceeded Charles Lamb quietly, "it was only the mind that was wanting."

A clergyman, who had been staying for some time at the house of a friend, on

going away, called to him little Tommy, the four-year-old son of his host, and asked him what he should give him for a present. Tommy, who had a great deal of respect for the "cloth," thought it was his duty to suggest something of a religious nature, so he answered hesitatingly, "I—I think I should like a Testament, and I know I should like a pop-gun."

A lady whose family was very much in the habit of making conundrums was one evening asked by her husband in an excited tone, "Why are all these doors left open?" "I give it up!" instantly replied the lady.

A lady teacher in the Baptist Sunday-school at Orange, N. J., recently had occasion to illustrate a lesson on "faith," by the story of a child who was told by his father to drop from an elevated place into his arms. The father could not be seen by the child; yet, when commanded, it dropped. Upon the teacher asking her class what was shown by this story, a bright little fellow immediately replied, "It showed he had pluck!"

PLEASURES OF BENEVOLENCE.—There is more pleasure in seeing others happy than in seeking to be happy ourselves. There is more pleasure in acquiring knowledge to be useful, than in merely seeking knowledge for our own happiness. If young and old persons would spend half the money in making others happy, which they spend in dress and useless luxury, how much more real pleasure it would give them!

HANNAH MORE remarked to a friend, "If I wished to punish an enemy, I should try to make him hate somebody."

COLERIDGE'S LOVE OF TALK.

COLERIDGE, poet, metaphysician, and critic, was a great talker. He had come one day from Highgate to London to consult with a friend about his son, Hartley, concerning whom he felt much anxiety. He arrived at the friend's home about one or two o'clock, P. M., and found an interesting conversation going on. It so interested him—any sort of talk did—that he struck right in, and held the ear of the company until dinner was announced, about four o'clock.

He sat down at the table, and talked all through dinner. He talked all the afternoon, all the evening, until five minutes before eight o'clock, when the servant announced that the last Highgate stage was at the corner of the street, waiting to convey Mr. Coleridge home. Then, starting up, he remembered his errand, and, in a hurried voice, said to his friend, "My dear Z——, I will come to you some other day, and talk to you about our dear Hartley."

"IT WOULD HURT ME THE MOST."

"WOULD you like to buy some berries?" said a bright, cheerful voice at the back-door.

"How many have you?"

"Two quarts."

"Are you sure there are so many?"

"Yes, ma'am."

The lady hesitated. It really looked to her like quite a small measure.

"I wouldn't cheat, ma'am," said the same clear voice: "it would hurt me the most, if I did. But you can measure them."

They were all right, and the lady bought them; the little girl going on her

way in the glad possession of her hardly-earned money, and in the possession of a truth that it would be well for us all to learn, — that, when in any way we cheat or rob others, we injure ourselves the most.

“I can’t see why,” said little black-eyed Frank, at my side.

“Because, my boy, by cheating others, we only deprive them of some of their earthly treasure, which, at the longest, they can keep but a little time; but, as for ourselves, we injure our souls, which are to live for ever.” — *Selected.*

WHAT A PLANT DID.

A LITTLE plant was given to a sick girl. In trying to take care of it, the family made changes in their way of living. First, they cleaned the window, that more light might come to its leaves; then, when not too cold, they would open the window, that fresh air might help the plant to grow. Next, the clean window made the rest of the room look so untidy, that they used to wash the floors and walls, and arrange the furniture more neatly. This led the father of the family to mend a broken chair or two, which kept him at home several evenings. After the work was done, he stayed home, instead of spending his leisure at a tavern; and the money thus saved went to buy comforts for them all. And then, as the home grew attractive, the whole family loved it better than ever before, and grew healthier and happier with their flowers. Thus, the little plant brought a real, as well as a physical blessing. — *The Sanitarian.*

THE talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, without the thought of fame. — *Longfellow.*

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS.

THE Unitarian Sunday-School Society has begun the publication of a series of *Lessons on the Old Testament*. They will be issued in ten monthly parts, — from September, 1877, to June, 1878, inclusive, — and contain forty-three Lessons, — about the number required of most of our schools for a year’s course of study. The September number contains Lessons on the Old Testament, Abraham, Abraham and Isaac, Jacob and Esau, and Jacob in Exile. The object of the course is to acquaint the pupil with the outline of Jewish history, the prominent features of the Jewish religion, and the strong and weak points of the leading Jewish minds. Some of the striking events in the lives of the principal Hebrew characters from Abraham to the time when Old Testament history comes to an end, have been selected for presentation. We cannot doubt that the course will prove more interesting and valuable than any yet published by the Society.

Lessons for the following courses of study can also be supplied:—

A three months’ course on Practical Christianity.

An eight months’ course on the Life of Paul.

A six months’ course on the First Epistle to the Corinthians.

The Lessons on First Corinthians are bound in a neat and convenient pamphlet, and sold at the low price of \$1.75 per dozen.

THE CURFEW.

“The curfew tolls the knell of parting day.”

DID you ever wonder what the word meant? Its origin was this: When William the First conquered England, he

enacted a law, in imitation of a French and Spanish custom, that every poor person should put out his fire and go to bed at dusk, when he heard a bell rung for the purpose, which was called, in Norman-French, *couvre-feu*, corrupted by the Saxons into "curfew," and means "cover up the fire." The law, in a few centuries, ceased to be enforced; but the habit of ringing the bell continued, and, in some parts of England and America, is still continued. — *S. S. Visitor*.

PUSH ON!

Don't blush because you have a patch
 In honest labor won;
 There's many a small cot roofed with thatch
 That's happier than a throne.
 Push on! The world is large enough
 For you, and me and all;
 You must expect your share of loss,
 And now and then a fall.
 But up again! act out your part, —
 Bear willingly your load;
 There's nothing like a cheery heart
 To mend a stony road.

You cannot live without exerting influence. The doors of your soul are open on others, and theirs on you. You inhabit a house which is wellnigh transparent; and, what you are within, you are ever showing yourself to be without.

MAGAZINES.

THE UNITARIAN REVIEW AND RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE comes to us every month, filled with choice reading. It is not simply a collection of heavy articles for theologians; but a varied collection, suited to the wants of any family interested in the moral and religious questions of the day. We commend it to such, as richly worth their attention.

THE COTTAGE HEARTH contains a greater variety of original and selected matter than any other magazine with which we are acquainted. It contains no unwholesome reading, and is every way fitted to be a monthly visitor to the family. We wish that it visited a million.

THE WIDE AWAKE contains every thing that can reasonably be asked for in a monthly magazine for children. It is admirably adapted to amuse and instruct. The series of articles on "Poets' Homes," of which twelve have been published, are especially worthy of notice.

ST. NICHOLAS still takes the lead of our juvenile magazines. Professor Richard A. Procter continues his instructive articles on the "stars," and a dozen other noted writers contribute to it every month. The article on "School Luncheons," in the September number, is equally entertaining and valuable. There are about fifty illustrations in every number.

THE YOUTHS' TEMPERANCE BANNER, published by the National Temperance Society, is a well illustrated monthly paper, devoted to the cause of Temperance, and adapted to children. It contains a great variety of articles, from the pens of the best writers, for the young; and cannot fail to exert a good influence. We wish that it might go into the hands of every child old enough to read.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS is a monthly publication devoted to a cause which ought to be dear to every heart. If it were universally read, it would produce a marked change in the feelings toward the brute creation. Kindness to animals is a quality in which no child should be wanting, and every number of this little paper contains much that is adapted to develop it.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL MEETING.

THE annual meeting of the Unitarian Sunday-School Society will be held at Concord, Mass., on Wednesday and Thursday, October 24th and 25th.

All who are indebted to the Unitarian Sunday-School Society are earnestly solicited to settle before the 30th of September, at which time the financial year of the Society will end.

We hope to receive, during the month of September, donations from all interested in the cause in which we are engaged, who have not contributed to it the present year. A considerable sum is needed, and, we doubt not, will be given promptly and willingly by the friends of the Sunday-School Society.

Puzzles.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of fifteen letters:

My 11, 3, 4, was the mother of mankind;

My 15, 13, 12, 2, 10, is a man's name;

My 15, 4, 3, 9, 10, is a number;

My 8, 4, 3, 14, 8, 15, 14, is a change of fortune;

My 12, 13, 1, 4, is a measure of distance;

My 8, 4, 3, 11, 8, 5, is a state of deep thought;

My 12, 4, 8, 8, 5, is what children ought to be;

My 12, 2, 3, 11, is to change place of residence;

My 15, 6, 7, is a French coin.

My whole is an injunction of the "Sermon on the Mount."

J. C. M.

BEHEADED RHYMES.

Hrs clothes were made of good thick —,

The tailor sewed them with a —,

It was not fair to make them —,

Thus thought the honest tailor.

So when the waves around him —,

And o'er the good ship's deck they —,

And angry winds the waves do —,

Loud sings the jolly sailor.

CHARADE.

FIRST.

WHEN morning's beams first bring the light,
I soar and sing far out of sight.

SECOND.

The horse my cruel touch oft feels,
When rivals follow at his heels.

WHOLE.

My whole a flower of simple mien,
Which in the garden oft is seen.

SQUARE WORD.

1. A brave fellow. 2. The close of day. 3. A Spanish coin. 4. An adverb.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. H e R
2. I O
3. R amese S
4. A mas A
5. M a B
6. P O
7. O rio N
8. W ealt H
9. E as E
10. R oussea U
11. S eve R

ANSWER TO GRAMMATICAL PUZZLE.

Lindley Murray.

ANSWER TO BEHEADED PUZZLE.

Grain, — rain, — ain, — in.

THE DAYSPRING.

(Rev. George F. Piper, Editor),

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